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POEMS

CHARLES DICKENS

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THE

COMPLETE POEMS

OF

CHARLES DICKENS

NEW YORK
WHITE, STOKES, & ALLEN
MDCCCLXXXV

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PREFACE.

PREFACE.

THERE are several among our foremost prose-writers in the present century who, possessing high imagination, and a considerable power of rhythmical expression, have occasionally produced verse of a high though not of the first order. Lord Macaulay's title to fame will not rest on his "Ivry," on his "Battle of the Armada," or even on his more ambitious "Lays of Ancient Rome;" but one who wrote such eloquent prose could hardly fail to write eloquent verse. Carlyle, in spite of his untiring and energetic denunciation of modern poetry as mere dilettantism and trifling, occasionally courted a somewhat coy muse; though, were the original verses and translations from the German, scattered through his earlier writings, collected

together, they would form a volume of no mean value. They have a wild, rugged melody of their own and a core of depth and significance, as have also the occasional verses of Emerson. The author of "Modern Painters" might also have gained some reputation as a poet, had he been willing to give a wider circulation to the much-coveted volume of verse in which his scattered contributions to the annuals were collected for private circulation.

The only attempt at poetry by Charles Dickens much known hitherto to the general public is the favourite song of "The Ivy Green" in the "Pickwick Papers." This exquisite little lyric, with its effective refrain,—so often wedded to music, and so familiar to us all,—would alone suffice to show that in turning aside from prose to verse, his hand did not altogether forget its cunning. In the Comic Opera of "The Village Coquettes" there are half-a-dozen songs of almost equal tenderness and melody.

Mr. R. H. Horne pointed out[1] many years ago, that a great portion of the scenes describing the death of Little Nell, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," will be found to be written—whether by design or harmonious accident, of which the author himself was not even subsequently fully conscious—in blank verse of irregular metre and rhythm, such as Southey, Shelley, and some other poets have occasionally adopted.

It was chiefly in the earlier part of his career (though he never entirely abandoned the practice) that Dickens occasionally tried his hand at verse-writing. There are, as we have seen, a number of songs, humourous, satirical, and sentimental, scattered through his earlier dramatic pieces; and to this class may be added the two songs from "Pickwick"—the far-famed "Ivy Green" and the less-known "Christmas Carol." The song written for Harley to be sung in the character of *Pickwick*, and describing a whitebait dinner at Green-

wich, has not, apparently, been preserved.

"The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," published in 1839, with a set of infinitely humourous illustrations by George Cruikshank, is an inimitable piece of nonsense, worthy almost to rank with Thackeray's famous improvisation "The Three Sailors." The mock gravity of the notes adds further zest to the fun. In later editions, when the great artist's old geniality and richness of humour were frozen up by the teetotal craze, he tampered with the text of the verses and spoilt them, tagging on some rubbish of his own at the end. In the twentieth stanza Lord Bateman endeavours to assuage his incensed mother-in-law with these assurances:—

O it's true I made a bride of your darter,
But she's neither the better nor the worse for me:

When Cruikshank the artist had degenerated into Cruikshank the propagandist, dreading to offend the more mealy-

mouthed votaries of Exeter Hall by such an outrage on the proprieties, he substituted the inoffensive and colourless line—

But you'll see what I'll do for you and she;

and "took the liberty of adding three verses, to follow No. 20 (No. 21 to be omitted); to be said or sung by those parties who may approve of the alteration and addition." It is hardly necessary to assure the reader that the ballad is here restored to its original text and printed as Charles Dickens wrote it, before it was thus mutilated.

"In an utilitarian age of all other times," says Dickens himself, writing on this very subject or a kindred one, "it is a matter of grave importance that fairy tales should be respected. The theatre having done its worst to destroy these admirable fictions, it becomes doubly important that the little books themselves, nurseries of fancy as they are, should be preserved. They must

be as much preserved in their simplicity, and purity, and innocent extravagance, as if they were actual fact. Whosoever alters them to suit his own opinions, whatever they are, is guilty, to our thinking, of an act of presumption, and appropriates to himself what does not belong to him. That incomparable artist, Mr. George Cruikshank, is of all men the last who should lay his exquisite hand on fairy text. In his own art he understands it so perfectly, and illustrates it so beautifully, so humourously, so wisely, that he should never lay down his etching-needle to 'edit' the Ogre, to whom with that little instrument he can render such extraordinary justice. But to 'editing' Ogres and Hop-o'-my-thumbs, and their families, our dear moralist has in a rash moment taken, as a means of propagating the doctrines of Total Abstinence, Prohibition of the sale of spirituous liquors, Free Trade, and Popular Education. For the introduction of these topics he has altered the

text of a fairy story; and against his right to do any such thing we protest with all our might and main."[2]

In his later years, indeed, Cruikshank's austerity contrasted as strongly with the rollicking, free-and-easy humour of his best period, as the severity of George Colman the younger, as stage-licenser, contrasted with the looseness and latitude of George Colman as playwright or *raconteur*. In the last, or almost the last, year of Cruikshank's life, the present writer was preparing a new edition, in which he endeavoured to revive the memory of a forgotten *jeu d'esprit* written by a certain James White—"Falstaff's Letters"—dear to all lovers of Charles Lamb, for Lamb's sake as well as for its own. Remembering Cruikshank's delightful illustrations to Robert Brough's "Life of Sir John Falstaff," the thought struck him that Cruikshank might have preserved some scrap or sketch, or might, without serious difficulty, produce or refurbish one, that

would serve as an attractive frontispiece to White's little book in its new shape. The suggestion was accordingly made to the enterprising and amiable publisher, who was pleased with the idea, and who, having a slight personal acquaintance with Cruikshank, wrote to him, making some overture or proposal in the matter, and sending the original edition for his inspection. In a few days came an answer from the veteran artist, declining to entertain the proposal on any terms, and strongly urging his correspondent to abandon the projected reprint, as he (Cruikshank) was much shocked, in looking through the little book (herewith returned), to find that it contained——— many low, vulgar, and improper expressions. Potatoes, prunes, prism, and propriety![9] It might have been possible for the once convivial Cruikshank, but it could hardly be possible for *Sir John Falstaff*, swaggering *Pistol*, *Bardolph*, and *Corporal Nym*, to "forswear sack and live cleanly."

Of Dickens's *Examiner* squibs his biographer writes as follows :—

"He sent me some rhymed squibs as his anonymous contribution to the fight the Liberals were then making against what was believed to be intended by the return to office of the Tories. I doubt if he ever enjoyed anything more than the power of thus taking part occasionally, unknown to outsiders, in the sharp conflict the press was waging at the time."[4]

It seems probable that other political squibs and utterances in verse, prompted by the events of the hour, were written by Dickens, and lie buried, beyond easy reach of discovery, and possibly in journals more obscure and less accessible than the *Examiner*.

Another class of Dickens's poetical experiments are his Prologues,—doubly interesting to us as akin and allied to his dramatic attempts. Of Dickens's

Prologues, though probably more were written, only three are known to us; the first generously volunteered to introduce a then new and unknown writer, Mr. Westland Marston, to the public, and spoken by Macready, who in December, 1842, produced the young author's maiden play, "The Patrician's Daughter," at Dickens's good-natured recommendation. This Prologue contains some vigorous and energetic lines, and really deserves to be remembered and preserved on its own account. The other two extant Prologues of Dickens are of considerably later date, and were written to introduce two successive plays by his friend Mr. Wilkie Collins,—"The Lighthouse," and "The Frozen Deep,"—written for the Tavistock House private theatricals.

"A Word in Season" and the "Hymn of the Wiltshire Labourers" are both stirring and manly protests, breathing a true Christian spirit, the one against intolerance and bigotry, the other against

oppression, and must have found a loyal response in thousands of honest hearts. Not "The Song of the Shirt," nor "The Bridge of Sighs" itself, is characterised by more fervour and eloquence, by a higher enthusiasm of humanity, than the "Hymn of the Wiltshire Labourers."

NOTES

In Connection with the Preface.

1. "A New Spirit of the Age" (London, 1844), vol. i., pp. 65–68.

2. "Frauds on the Fairies."—*Household Words*, October 1, 1853 (vol. viii., p. 97).

3. "Father is rather vulgar, my dear. The word papa, besides, gives a pretty form to the lips. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism are all very good words for the lips; especially prunes and prism. You will find it serviceable, in the formation of a demeanour, if you sometimes say to yourself in company—on entering a room, for instance—Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism, prunes and prism."—Mrs. General in "Little Dorritt" (p. 356).

4. Forster's "Life of Dickens" (ed. 1876), vol. i., pp. 186–187.

POEMS.

THE IVY GREEN.

OH a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decay'd,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he.
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!

And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decay'd,
And nations have scatter'd been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I CARE not for Spring; on his fickle wing,
Let the blossoms and buds be borne:
He wooes them amain with his treacherous rain,
And he scatters them ere the morn.
An inconstant elf, he knows not himself,
Or his own changing mind an hour,
He'll smile in your face, and, with wry grimace,
He'll wither your youngest flower.

Let the Summer sun to his bright home run,
He shall never be sought by me;
When he's dimm'd by a cloud I can laugh aloud
And care not how sulky he be;

For his darling child is the madness wild
That sports in fierce fever's train;
And when love is too strong, it don't last long,
As many have found to their pain.

A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
Of the modest and gentle moon,
Has a far sweeter sheen for me, I ween,
Than the broad and unblushing noon.
But every leaf awakens my grief,
As it lieth beneath the tree;
So let Autumn air be never so fair,
It by no means agrees with me.

But my song I troll out for CHRISTMAS stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold;
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old.
We'll usher him in with a merry din

That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up while there's bite or sup,
And in fellowship good we'll part.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide
One jot of his hard-weather scars;
They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace
On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
Then again I sing till the roof doth ring,
And it echoes from wall to wall,—
To the stout old wight fair welcome to-night,
As the King of the Seasons all!

THE BLACKSMITH.

OLD ENGLAND, she has great warriors,
Great princes and poets great;
But the Blacksmith is not to be quite forgot
In the history of the State.

He is rich in the best of all metals,
Yet silver he lacks and gold;
And he payeth his due, and his heart is true,
Though he bloweth both hot and cold.

The boldest is he of incendiaries
That ever the wide world saw,
And a forger as rank as e'er robb'd the Bank,
Though he never doth break the law.

He hath shoes that are worn by strangers,
Yet he laugheth and maketh more ;
And a share (conceal'd) in the poor man's field,
Yet it adds to the poor man's store.

Then, hurrah for the iron Blacksmith!
And hurrah for his iron crew!
And whenever we go where his forges glow,
We'll sing what A MAN can do.

A WORD IN SEASON.

THEY have a superstition in the East,
That ALLAH, written on a piece of paper,
Is better unction than can come of priest,
Of rolling incense and of lighted taper:
Holding that any scrap which bears that name,
In any characters, its front imprest on,
Shall help the finder through the purging flame,
And give his toasted feet a place to rest on.

Accordingly, they make a mighty fuss
With every wretched tract and fierce oration,

And hoard the leaves—for they are not,
like us,
A highly civilized and thinking nation :
And, always stooping in the miry ways,
To look for matter of this earthy
leaven,
They seldom, in their dust-exploring
days,
Have any leisure to look up to Heaven.

So have I known a country on the earth,
Where darkness sat upon the living
waters,
And brutal ignorance, and toil, and
dearth,
Were the hard portion of its sons and
daughters ;
And yet where they who should have
oped the door
Of charity and light, for all men's
finding,
Squabbled for words upon the altar-
floor,
And rent the Book, in struggles for
the binding.

The gentlest man among these pious Turks
God's living image ruthlessly defaces;
Their best high-churchman, with no faith in works,
Bowstrings the Virtues in the market-places:
The Christian Pariah, whom both sects curse,
(They curse all other men, and curse each other,)
Walks thro' the world, not very much the worse—
Does all the good he can, and loves his brother.

CHILD'S HYMN.

HEAR my prayer, O! Heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid thy Angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

My sins are heavy, but thy mercy
Far outweighs them every one;
Down before thy Cross I cast them,
Trusting in thy help alone.

Keep me through this night of peril
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to thy rest, I pray thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which thy holy Son has bought.

Pardon all my past transgressions,
  Give me strength for days to come ;
Guide and guard me with thy blessing
  Till thy Angels bid me home.

THE HYMN OF THE WILTSHIRE LABOURERS.

OH GOD, who by thy Prophet's hand
  Didst smite the rocky brake,
Whence water came, at thy command,
  Thy people's thirst to slake;
Strike, now, upon this granite wall,
  Stern, obdurate, and high;
And let some drops of pity fall
  For us who starve and die!

The GOD, who took a little child,
  And set him in the midst,
And promised him His mercy mild,
  As, by Thy Son, Thou didst:
Look down upon our children dear,
  So gaunt, so cold, so spare,
And let their images appear,
  Where Lords and Gentry are!

Oh GOD, teach them to feel how we,
When our poor infants droop,
Are weaken'd in our trust in Thee,
And how our spirits stoop;
For, in thy rest, so bright and fair,
All tears and sorrows sleep:
And their young looks, so full of care,
Would make Thine Angels weep!

The GOD, who with His finger drew
The Judgment coming on,
Write, for these men, what must ensue,
Ere many years be gone!
Oh GOD whose bow is in the sky,
Let them not brave and dare,
Until they look (too late) on high,
And see an Arrow there!

Oh GOD, remind them! In the bread
They break upon the knee,
Those sacred words may yet be read,
"In memory of Me!"
Oh GOD, remind them of His sweet
Compassion for the poor,
And how He gave them Bread to eat,
And went from door to door!

THE SONG OF THE WRECK.

I.

THE wind blew high, the waters raved,
A ship drove on the land,
A hundred human creatures saved
Kneel'd down upon the sand.
Three-score were drown'd, three-score were thrown
Upon the black rocks wild,
And thus among them, left alone,
They found one helpless child.

II.

A seaman rough, to shipwreck bred,
Stood out from all the rest,
And gently laid the lonely head
Upon his honest breast.
And travelling o'er the desert wide
It was a solemn joy,
To see them, ever side by side,
The sailor and the boy.

III.

In famine, sickness, hunger, thirst,
The two were still but one,
Until the strong man droop'd the first
And felt his labours done.
Then to a trusty friend he spake,
"Across the desert wide,
O take this poor boy for my sake!"
And kiss'd the child and died.

IV.

Toiling along in weary plight
Through heavy jungle, mire,
These two came later every night
To warm them at the fire.
Until the captain said one day,
"O seaman good and kind,
To save thyself now come away,
And leave the boy behind!"

V.

The child was slumbering near the blaze;
"O captain, let him rest
Until it sinks, when God's own ways
Shall teach us what is best!"

They watch'd the whiten'd ashy heap,
  They touch'd the child in vain ;
They did not leave him there asleep,
  He never woke again.

PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO "THE LIGHT-HOUSE,"

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Slow music all the time; unseen speaker; curtain down.

A STORY of those rocks where doom'd ships come
To cast them wreck'd upon the steps of home,
Where solitary men, the long year through—
The wind their music and the brine their view—
Warn mariners to shun the beacon-light;
A story of those rocks is here to-night.
Eddystone Lighthouse!

[*Exterior view discovered.*

In its ancient form,
Ere he who built it wish'd for the great storm

That shiver'd it to nothing, once again
Behold outgleaming on the angry main!
Within it are three men; to these repair
In our frail bark of Fancy, swift as air!
They are but shadows, as the rower grim
Took none but shadows in his boat with him.
So be *ye* shades, and, for a little space,
The real world a dream without a trace.
Return is easy. It will have ye back
Too soon to the old beaten dusty track;
For but one hour forget it. Billows, rise,
Blow, winds, fall, rain, be black, ye midnight skies;
And you who watch the light, arise! arise!

[*Exterior view rises and discovers the scene.*

1855.

PROLOGUE TO "THE FROZEN DEEP,"

By Wilkie Collins.

Curtain rises; Mists and darkness; Soft music throughout.

ONE savage footprint on the lonely shore
Where one man listen'd to the surge's roar,
Not all the winds that stir the mighty sea
Can ever ruffle in the memory.
If such its interest and thrall, O then
Pause on the footprints of heroic men,
Making a garden of the desert wide
Where PARRY conquer'd death and FRANKLIN died.

To that white region where the Lost lie low,
Wrapt in their mantles of eternal snow,—

Unvisited by change, nothing to mock
Those statues sculptured in the icy rock,
We pray your company; that hearts as true
(Though nothings of the air) may live for you;
Nor only yet that on our little glass
A faint reflection of those wilds may pass,
But that the secrets of the vast Profound
Within us, an exploring hand may sound,
Testing the region of the ice-bound soul,
Seeking the passage at its northern pole,
Softening the horrors of its wintry sleep,
Melting the surface of that "Frozen Deep."

Vanish, ye mists! But ere this gloom departs,
And to the union of three sister arts

We give a winter evening, good to know
That in the charms of such another show,
That in the fiction of a friendly play,
The Arctic sailors, too, put gloom away,
Forgot their long night, saw no starry dome,
Hail'd the warm sun, and were again at Home.

Vanish, ye mists! Not yet do we repair
To the still country of the piercing air;
But seek, before we cross the troubled seas,
An English hearth and Devon's waving trees.

1857.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. WESTLAND MARSTON'S PLAY OF

"THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER."

Spoken by MR. MACREADY.

NO tale of streaming plumes and harness bright
Dwells on the poet's maiden theme to-night;
No trumpet's clangour and no battle's fire
Breathe in the trembling accents of his lyre.
Enough for him if, in his lowly strain,
He wake one household echo not in vain;
Enough for him if, in his boldest word,
The beating heart of man be faintly stirr'd.

That mournful music, that, like chords which sigh
Through charmed gardens, all who hear it die,
That solemn music he does not pursue
To distant ages out of human view;
Nor listen to its wild and mournful chime
In the dark caverns on the shore of Time;
But musing, with a calm and steady gaze,
Before the crackling flame of living days,
He hears it whisper, through the busy roar,
Of what shall be, and what has been before.

Awake the Present! Shall no scene display
The tragic passion of the passing day?
Is it with man as with some meaner things,
That out of death his solemn purpose springs?

Can this eventful life no moral teach,
Unless he be for aye beyond its reach ?
Obscurely shall he suffer, rot and fade,
Made noble only by the sexton's spade ?

Awake the Present ! though the steel-clad age
Find life alone within the storied page,
Iron is worn at heart by many still ;
The tyrant Custom binds the serf-like will ;
If the sharp rack and chain and screw be gone,
These latter days have tortures of their own.
The guiltless writhe, while guilt is stretch'd in sleep,
And Virtue lies, too often, dungeon deep.

Awake the Present ! What the Past has sown
Is in its harvest garner'd, reap'd, and grown.

How pride engenders pride, and wrong
breeds wrong,
And Truth and Falsehood, hand-in-
hand, along
High places walk in monster-like em-
brace,—
The modern Janus with the double
face ;—
How social usage hath the power to
change
Good thought to evil in its highest
range,
To cramp the noble soul, and turn to
ruth
The kindling impulse of our growing
youth,
Crushing the spirit in its house of clay,—
Learn from the lesson of the present
day.
Not light its import, and not poor its
mien,
Yourselves the actors, and your home
the scene.

DUET FROM "THE LAMP-LIGHTER."

Air—"*The Young May-Moon.*"

TOM.

THERE comes a new moon twelve times a year.

BETSY.

And when there is none, all is dark and drear.

TOM.

In which I espy—

BETSY.

And so, too, do I—

BOTH.

A resemblance to womankind very clear.

BOTH.

There comes a new moon twelve times
in a year;
And when there is none, all is dark and
drear.

TOM.

In which I espy—

BETSY.

And so do I—

BOTH.

A resemblance to womankind very
clear.

Second Verse.

TOM.

She changes, she's fickle, she drives
men mad.

BETSY.

She comes to bring light, and leaves
them sad.

TOM.

So restless wild—

BETSY.

But so sweetly wild—

BOTH.

That no better companion could be had.

BOTH.

There comes a new moon twelve times
a year;
And when there is none, all is dark and
drear.

TOM.

In which I espy—

BETSY.

And so do I—

BOTH.

A resemblance to womankind very
clear.

FROM

"THE VILLAGE COQUETTES."

ROUND.

HAIL to the merry Autumn days, when
yellow corn-fields shine,
Far brighter than the costly cup that
holds the monarch's wine!
Hail to the merry harvest-time, the gay-
est of the year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops,
rejoicing, and good cheer!
Tis pleasant on a fine Spring morn to
see the buds expand,
'Tis pleasant in the Summer time to
view the teeming land;

Tis pleasant on a Winter's night to
crouch around the blaze,—
But what are joys like these, my boys,
to Autumn's merry days!

Then hail to merry Autumn days, when
yellow corn-fields shine,
Far brighter than the costly cup that
holds the monarch's wine!
And hail to merry harvest-time, the gay-
est of the year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops,
rejoicing, and good cheer!

SONG.

LOVE is not a feeling to pass away,
Like the balmy breath of a summer day;
It is not—it cannot be—laid aside;
It is not a thing to forget or hide.
It clings to the heart, ah, woe is me!
As the ivy clings to the old oak tree.

Love is not a passion of earthly mould,
As a thirst for honour, or fame, or gold:
For when all these wishes have died
away,
The deep strong love of a brighter day,
Though nourish'd in secret, consumes
the more,
As the slow rust eats to the iron's core.

SONG.

THAT very wise head, old Æsop, said,
The bow should be sometimes loose;
Keep it tight for ever, the string you sever:—
Let's turn his old moral to use.
The world forget, and let us yet,
The glass our spirits buoying,
Revel to-night in those moments bright
Which make life worth enjoying.
The cares of the day, old moralists say,
Are quite enough to perplex one;
Then drive to-day's sorrow away till to-morrow,
And then put it off till the next one.
Chorus.—The cares of the day, etc.

Some plodding old crones, the heartless drones!
Appeal to my cool reflection,

And ask me whether such nights can ever
Charm sober recollection.
Yes, yes! I cry, I'll grieve and die,
When those I love forsake me;
But while friends so dear surround me here,
Let Care, if he can, o'ertake me.
Chorus.—The cares of the day, etc.

SONG.

AUTUMN leaves, autumn leaves, lie
strewn around me here;
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad,
how cold, how drear!
How like the hopes of childhood's day,
Thick clustering on the bough!
How like those hopes is their decay,—
How faded are they now!
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, lie
strewn around me here;
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad,
how cold, how drear!

Wither'd leaves, wither'd leaves, that
fly before the gale;
Wither'd leaves, wither'd leaves, ye tell
a mournful tale,

Of love once true, and friends once kind,
And happy moments fled :
Dispersed by every breath of wind,
Forgotten, changed, or dead !
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, lie
strewn around me here ;
Autumn leaves, autumn leaves, how sad,
how cold, how drear !

SONG.

SOME folks who have grown old and sour,
Say love does nothing but annoy.
The fact is, they have had their hour,
So envy what they can't enjoy.
I like the glance—I like the sigh—
That does of ardent passion tell!
If some folks were as young as I,
I'm sure they'd like it quite as well.

Old maiden aunts so hate the men,
So well know how wives are harried,
It makes them sad—not jealous—when
They see their poor dear nieces married.
All men are fair and false, they know,
And with deep sighs they assail 'em,
It's so long since they tried men, though,
I rather think their memories fail 'em.

DUET.

FLAM.

'Tis true I'm caress'd by the witty,
The envy of all the fine beaux,
The pet of the court and the city,
But still I'm the lover of Rose.

ROSE.

Country sweethearts, oh, how I despise!
And oh! how delighted I am
To think that I shine in the eyes
Of the elegant—sweet—Mr. Flam.

FLAM.

Allow me. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

ROSE.

Pray don't be so bold, sir. (*Kisses her.*)

FLAM.

What sweets on that honey'd lip hang!

SONG.

SOME folks who have grown old and sour,
Say love does nothing but annoy.
The fact is, they have had their hour,
So envy what they can't enjoy.
I like the glance—I like the sigh—
That does of ardent passion tell!
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ROSE.

Pray don't be so bold, sir. (*Kisses her.*)

FLAM.

What sweets on that honey'd lip hang!

ROSE.

Your presumption, I know, I should
scold, sir,
But I really *can't* scold Mr. Flam.

BOTH.

Then let us be happy together,
Content with the world as it goes,
An unchangeable couple for ever,
Mr. Flam and his beautiful Rose.

SONG.

THE child and the old man sat alone
In the quiet peaceful shade
Of the old green boughs, that had richly grown
In the deep, thick forest glade.
It was a soft and pleasant sound,
That rustling of the oak;
And the gentle breeze play'd lightly round,
As thus the fair boy spoke :—

" Dear father, what can honour be,
Of which I hear men rave ?
Field, cell, and cloister, land and sea,
The tempest and the grave :—
It lives in all, 'tis sought in each,
'Tis never heard or seen :
Now tell me, father, I beseech,
What can this honour mean ? "

"It is a name,—a name, my child,—
It lived in other days,
When men were rude, their passions wild,
Their sport, thick battle-frays.
When in armour bright, the warrior bold,
Knelt to his lady's eyes:
Beneath the abbey-pavement old
That warrior's dust now lies.

"The iron hearts of that old day
Have moulder'd in the grave;
And chivalry has pass'd away,
With knights so true and brave,
The honour which to them was life
Throbs in no bosom now;
It only gilds the gambler's strife,
Or decks the worthless vow."

DUET.

SQUIRE.

In rich and lofty station shine,
Before his jealous eyes:
In golden splendour, lady mine,
This peasant youth despise.

LUCY (*apart: the* SQUIRE *regarding her attentively*).

Oh! It would be revenge indeed
With scorn his glance to meet.
I, I, his humble pleading heed!
I'd spurn him from my feet.

SQUIRE.

With love and rage her bosom's torn,
And rash the choice will be;

LUCY.

With love and rage my bosom's torn,
And rash the choice will be.

SQUIRE.

From hence she quickly must be borne,
Her home, her home, she'll flee.

LUCY.

Oh! long shall I have cause to mourn
My home, my home, for thee!

SESTETTE AND CHORUS.

YOUNG BENSON.

TURN him from the farm! From his home will you cast
The old man who has till'd it for years?
Every tree, every flower, is link'd with the past,
And a friend of his childhood appears.
Turn *him* from the farm! O'er its grassy hill-side,
A gay boy he once loved to range;
His boyhood has fled, and its dear friends are dead,
But these meadows have never known change.

EDMUNDS.

Oppressor, hear me.

LUCY.

On my knees I implore.

SQUIRE.

I command it, and you will obey.

ROSE.

Rise, dear Lucy, rise; you shall not kneel before
The tyrant who drives us away.

SQUIRE.

Your sorrows are useless, your prayers are in vain;
I command it, and you will begone.
I'll hear no more.

EDMUNDS.

No, they shall not beg again,
Of a man whom I view with deep scorn.

FLAM.

Do not yield.

YOUNG BENSON—SQUIRE—LUCY—ROSE.

Leave the farm!

EDMUNDS.

Your power I despise.

SQUIRE.

And your threats, boy, I disregard, too.

FLAM.

Do not yield.

YOUNG BENSON—SQUIRE—LUCY—ROSE.

Leave the farm!

ROSE.

If he leaves it, he dies.

EDMUNDS.

This base act, proud man, you shall rue.

YOUNG BENSON.

Turn him from the farm! From his home will you cast
The old man who has till'd it for years?

Every tree, every flower, is link'd with the past,
And a friend of his childhood appears!

SQUIRE.

Yes, yes, leave the farm! From his home I will cast
The old man who has till'd it for years;
Though each tree and flower is link'd with the past,
And a friend of his childhood appears.

Chorus.

He has turned from his farm, from his home he has cast
The old man who has till'd it for years;
Though each tree and flower is link'd with the past,
And a friend of his childhood appears.

QUARTETTE.

SQUIRE.

HEAR me, when I swear that the farm
is your own
Through all changes Fortune may
make ;
The base charge of falsehood I never
have known ;
This promise I never will break.

ROSE and LUCY.

Hear him, when he swears that the
farm is our own
Through all changes Fortune may
make ;
The base charge of falsehood he never
has known ;
This promise he never will break.

Enter YOUNG BENSON.

YOUNG BENSON.

My sister here! Lucy! begone, I command.

SQUIRE.

To your home I restore you again.

YOUNG BENSON.

No boon I'll accept from that treacherous hand
As the price of my sister's fair fame.

SQUIRE.

To your home!

YOUNG BENSON (*to* LUCY).

Hence away!

LUCY.

Brother dear, I obey.

SQUIRE.

I restore.

YOUNG BENSON.

Hence away!

YOUNG BENSON, ROSE, and LUCY.

Let us leave.

LUCY.

He swears it, dear brother.

SQUIRE.

I swear it.

YOUNG BENSON.

Away!

SQUIRE.

I swear it.

YOUNG BENSON.

You swear to deceive.

SQUIRE.

Hear me, when I swear that the farm is your own
Through all changes Fortune may make.

LUCY and ROSE.

Hear him, when he swears that the farm is our own
Through all changes Fortune may make.

SONG.

THERE'S a charm in Spring, when every thing
Is bursting from the ground;
When pleasant showers bring forth the flowers,
And all is life around.

In summer day, the fragrant hay
Most sweetly scents the breeze;
And all is still, save murmuring rill,
Or sound of humming bees.

Old Autumn come, with trusty gun
In quest of birds we roam:
Unerring aim, we mark the game,
And proudly bear it home.

A winter's night has its delight,
Well warm'd to bed we go;

A winter's day, we're blithe and gay,
Snipe-shooting in the snow.

A country life without the strife
And noisy din of town,
Is all I need, I take no heed
Of splendour or renown.

And when I die, oh, let me lie
Where trees above me wave ;
Let wild plants bloom, around my tomb,
My quiet country grave!

SONG.

My fair home is no longer mine;
From its roof-tree I'm driven away,
Alas! who will tend the old vine,
Which I planted in my infancy's day!
The garden, the beautiful flowers,
The oak with its branches on high,
Dear friends of my happiest hours,
Among ye, I long hoped to die.
The briar, the moss, and the bramble,
Along the green paths will run wild:
The paths where I once used to ramble,
An innocent, light-hearted child.

DUET.

SQUIRE.

LISTEN, though I do not fear you,
Listen to me, ere we part.

EDMUNDS.

List to *you!* Yes, I will hear you.

SQUIRE.

Yours alone is Lucy's heart,
I swear it, by that Heaven above me.

EDMUNDS.

What! can I believe my ears!
Could I hope that she still loves me!

SQUIRE.

Banish all these doubts and fears,
If a love were e'er worth gaining,
If love were ever fond and true,

No disguise or passion feigning,
Such is her young love for you.
Listen, though I do not fear you,
Listen to me ere we part.

EDMUNDS.

List to you! yes, I will hear you,
Mine alone is her young heart.

SONG.

How beautiful at even-tide
To see the twilight shadows pale,
Steal o'er the landscape, far and wide,
O'er stream and meadow, mound and dale.
How soft is Nature's calm repose
When evening skies their cool dews weep :
The gentlest wind more gently blows,
As if to soothe her in her sleep !

The gay morn breaks,
Mists roll away,
All Nature awakes
To glorious day.
In my breast alone
Dark shadows remain ;
The peace it has known
It can never regain.

DANCE AND FINALE.—CHORUS.

JOIN the dance, with step as light
As every heart should be to-night;
Music, shake the lofty dome,
In honour of our Harvest Home.

Join the dance, and banish care,
All are young, and gay, and fair;
Even age has youthful grown,
In honour of our Harvest Home.

Join the dance, bright faces beam,
Sweet lips smile, and dark eyes gleam;
All these charms have hither come,
In honour of our Harvest Home.

Join the dance, with step as light,
As every heart should be to-night;
Music, shake the lofty dome,
In honour of our Harvest Home.

QUINTET.

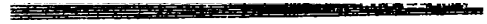
No light bound
Of stag or timid hare,
O'er the ground
Where startled herds repair,
Do we prize
So high, or hold so dear,
As the eyes
That light our pleasures here.

No cool breeze
That gently plays by night,
O'er calm seas,
Whose waters glisten bright;
No soft moan
That sighs across the lea,
Harvest Home,
Is half so sweet as thee!

Chorus.

Hail to the merry autumn days, when yellow corn-fields shine,
Far brighter than the costly cup that holds the monarch's wine!
Hail to the merry harvest-time, the gayest of the year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing, and good cheer.
Hail! Hail! Hail!

HUMOUROUS AND POLITICAL VERSES.



ROMANCE.

I.

BOLD Turpin vunce, on Hounslow Heath,
His bold mare Bess bestrode-er;
Ven there he see'd the Bishop's coach
A-comin' along the road-er.
So he gallops close to the 'orse's legs,
And he claps his head vithin;
And the Bishop says, "Sure as eggs is eggs,
This here's the bold Turpin!"

CHORUS—And the Bishop says, "Sure as eggs is eggs,
This here's the bold Turpin!"

II.

Says Turpin, "You shall eat your words,
With a sarse of leaden b*u*l-let;"

So he puts a pistol to his mouth,
And he fires it down his gul-let.
The coachman, he not likin' the job,
Set off at a full gal-lop,
But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
And perwail'd on him to stop.

CHORUS (*sarcastically*)—But Dick put a
couple of balls in his nob,
And perwail'd on him to stop.

WARNING TO THE PUBLIC

CONCERNING THE

LOVING BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAN.

In some collection of old English Ballads, there is an ancient ditty which I am told bears some remote and distant resemblance to the following Epic Poem. I beg to quote the emphatic language of my estimable friend (if he will allow me to call him so) the Black Bear in Piccadilly, and to assure all to whom these presents may come, that "*I* am the original." This affecting legend is given in the following pages precisely as I have frequently heard it sung on Saturday nights, outside a house of general refreshment (familiarly termed a wine-

vaults), at Battle-bridge. The singer is a young gentleman who can scarcely have numbered nineteen summers, and who before his last visit to the treadmill, where he was erroneously incarcerated for six months as a vagrant (being unfortunately mistaken for another gentleman), had a very melodious and plaintive tone of voice, which, though it is now somewhat impaired by gruel and such a getting up stairs for so long a period, I hope shortly to find restored. I have taken down the words from his own mouth at different periods, and have been careful to preserve his pronunciation, together with the air to which he does so much justice. Of his execution of it, however, and the intense melancholy which he communicates to such passages of the song as are most susceptible of such an expression, I am unfortunately unable to convey to the reader an adequate idea, though I may hint that the effect seems to me to be in part produced by the long and mournful

drawl on the last two or three words of each verse.

I had intended to have dedicated my imperfect illustrations of this beautiful Romance to the young gentleman in question. As I cannot find, however, that he is known among his friends by any other name than "The Tripe-skewer," which I cannot but consider as a *sobriquet*, or nickname; and, as I feel that it would be neither respectful nor proper to address him publicly by that title, I have been compelled to forego the pleasure. If this should meet his eye, will he pardon my humble attempt to embellish with the pencil the sweet ideas to which he gives such feeling utterance? And will he believe me to remain his devoted admirer,

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

N.B.—The above is not my writing, nor the notes either, nor am I on familiar terms (but quite the contrary) with the Black Bear. Nevertheless

I admit the accuracy of the statement relative to the public singer whose name is unknown, and concur generally in the sentiments above expressed relative to him.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

THE LOVING BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAN.

I.

LORD BATEMAN vos a noble Lord,
A noble Lord of high degree ;
He shipp'd his-self all aboard of a ship,
Some foreign country for to see.

II.

He sail-ed east, he sail-ed vest,
Until he come to famed Tur-key,
Vere he vos taken, and put to prisin,
Until his life was quite wea-ry.

III.

All in this prisin there grew a tree,
O ! there it grew so stout and strong,
Vere he vos chain-ed all by the middle
Until his life vos almost gone.

IV.

This Turk [3] he had one ounly darter,
The fairest my two eyes e'er see,
She steele the keys of her father's prisin,
And swore Lord Bateman she would let go free.

V.

O she took him to her father's cellar,
And guv to him the best of vine;
And every holth she dronk unto him,
Vos, "I vish, Lord Bateman, as you vos mine!" [3]

VI.

"O have you got houses, have you got land,
And does Northumberland belong to thee?
And what would you give to the fair young lady
As out of prisin vould let you go free?"

VII.

" O I've got houses, and I've got land,
And half Northumberland belongs to me;
And I vill give it all to the fair young lady
As out of prisin vould let me go free."

VIII.

" O in sevin long years, I'll make a wow
For sevin long years, and keep it strong,'
That if you'll ved no other woman,
O I vill v-e-ed no other man."

IX.

O she took him to her father's harbour,
And guv to him a ship of fame,
Saying, " Farevell, farevell to you, Lord Bateman,
I fear I ne-e-ver shall see you agen."

X.

Now sevin long years is gone and past,
And fourteen days vell known to me;
She pack'd up all her gay clouthing,
And swore Lord Bateman she vould go see.

XI.

O ven she arrived at Lord Bateman's castle,
How bouldly then she rang the bell,
"Who's there! who's there?" cries the proud young porter,
"O come unto me pray quickly tell."

XII.

"Oh! is this here Lord Bateman's castle,
And is his lordship here vithin?"
"O yes! O yes!" cries the proud young porter;
"He's just now takin' his young bride in."

XIII.

"O! bid him to send me a slice of bread,
And a bottle of the wery best vine,
And not forgettin' the fair young lady
As did release him ven close confine."

XIV.

O! avay and avay vent this proud young porter,
Oh! avay and avay and avay vent he,[6]
Until he come to Lord Bateman's chamber,
Ven he vent down on his bended knee.

XV.

"Vot news, vot news, my proud young porter,[7]
Vot news, vot news, come tell to me?"
"O there is the fairest young lady
As ever my two eyes did see.

XVI.

"She has got rings on every finger,
And on one finger she has got three;
Vith as much gay gould about her middle
As would buy half Northumberlee.

XVII.

"Oh she bids you to send her a slice of bread
And a bottle of the wery best vine,
And not forgettin' the fair young lady
As did release you ven close confine."

XVIII.

Lord Bateman then in passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three,[8]
Saying, "I vill give half my father's land
If so be as Sophia[9] has cross'd the sea."

XIX.

Then up and spoke this young bride's mother,
Who never vos heerd to speak so free : [10]
Sayin', "You'll not forget my ounly darter,
If so be as Sophia has cross'd the sea."

XX.

"O it's true I made a bride of your darter,
But she's neither the better nor the vorse for me ;
She came to me with a horse and saddle,
But she may go home in a coach and three."

XXI.

Lord Bateman then prepared another marriage,
Vith both their hearts so full of glee,
Saying, "I vill roam no more to foreign countries
Now that Sophia has cross'd the sea." [11]

NOTES TO "THE LOVING BALLAD OF LORD BATEMAN."

I.

Some foreign country for to see.

THE reader is here in six words artfully made acquainted with Lord Bateman's character and temperament. Of a roving, wandering, and unsettled spirit, his Lordship left his native country, bound he knew not whither. *Some* foreign country he wished to see, and that was the extent of his desire; any foreign country would answer his purpose—all foreign countries were alike to him. He was a citizen of the world, and upon the world of waters, sustained by the daring and reckless impulses of his heart, he boldly launched. For anything, from pitch-and-toss upwards

to manslaughter, his Lordship was prepared. Lord Bateman's character, at this time, and his expedition, would appear to have borne a striking resemblance to those of Lord Byron.

His goblets brimm'd with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left to cross the brine,
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central line.

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto I. (II).

II.

This Turk he had, etc.

The poet has here, by that bold license which only genius can venture upon, surmounted the extreme difficulty of introducing any particular Turk, by assuming a foregone conclusion in the reader's mind, and adverting, in a casual, careless way, to a Turk unknown, as to an old acquaintance. "*This* Turk he had——" We have heard of no Turk before, and yet this familiar introduction satisfies us at once that we know him

well. He was a pirate, no doubt, of a cruel and savage disposition, entertaining a hatred of the Christian race, and accustomed to garnish his trees and vines with such stray professors of Christianity as happened to fall into his hands. "This Turk he had——" is a master-stroke—a truly Shakespearean touch. There are few things like it in the language.

III.

And every holth she dronk unto him
Vos, "I vish, Lord Bateman, as you vos mine!"

A most affecting illustration of the sweetest simplicity, the purest artlessness, and holiest affections of woman's gentle nature. Bred up among the rough and savage crowds which thronged her father's lawless halls, and meeting with no responsive or kindred spirit among those fierce barbarians (many of whom, however, touched by her surpassing charms, though insensible to her virt-

ues and mental endowments, had vainly sought her hand in marriage), this young creature had spent the greater part of her life in the solitude of her own apartments, or in contemplating the charms of Nature arrayed in all the luxury of eastern voluptuousness. At length she hears from an aged and garrulous attendant, her only female adviser (for her mother died when she was yet an infant), of the sorrows and sufferings of the Christian captive. Urged by pity and womanly sympathy, she repairs to his prison to succour and console him. She supports his feeble and tottering steps to her father's cellar, recruits his exhausted frame with copious draughts of sparkling wine, and when his dim eye brightens, and his pale cheek becomes flushed with the glow of returning health and animation, she—unaccustomed to disguise or concealment, and being by nature all openness and truth—gives vent to the feelings which now thrill her maiden heart for the first time, in the

rich gush of unspeakable love, tenderness, and devotion—

I vish, Lord Bateman, as you vos mine!

IV.

O in sevin long years, I'll make a vow,
For sevin long years, and keep it strong.

Love has converted the tender girl into a majestic heroine; she can not only make "a wow," but she can "keep it strong;" she feels all the dignity of truth and love swelling in her bosom. With the view of possessing herself of the real state of Lord Bateman's affections, and with no sordid or mercenary motives, she has inquired of that nobleman what are his means of subsistence, and whether *all* Northumberland belongs to him. His Lordship has rejoined, with a noble regard for truth, that *half* Northumberland is his, and that he will give it freely to the fair young lady who will release him from his dungeon. She, being thus assured of his regard and esteem, rejects all idea

of pecuniary reward, and offers to be a party to a solemn wow—to be kept strong on both sides—that if for seven years he will remain a bachelor, she, for the like period, will remain a maid. The contract is made, and the lovers are solemnly contracted.

V.

Now sevin long years is gone and past,
And fourteen days vell known to me.

In this may be recognized, though in a minor degree, the same gifted hand that portrayed the Mussulman, the pirate, the father, and the bigot, in two words. The time is gone, the historian knows it, and that is enough for the reader. This is the dignity of history very strikingly exemplified.

VI.

Avay and avay vent this proud young porter,
Avay and avay and avay vent he.

Nothing perhaps could be more ingeniously contrived to express the vastness

of Lord Bateman's family mansion than this remarkable passage. The proud young porter had to thread courts, corridors, galleries, and staircases innumerable before he could penetrate to those exquisite apartments in which Lord Bateman was wont to solace his leisure hours with the most refined pleasures of his time. We behold him hastening to the presence of his lord: the repetition of the word "avay" causes us to feel the speed with which he hastens —at length he arrives. Does he appear before the chief with indecent haste? Is he described as rushing madly into his presence to impart his message? No! a different atmosphere surrounds that remarkable man. Even this proud young porter is checked in his impetuous career, which lasted only

> *Until* he came to Lord Bateman's chamber,
> Vere he vent down on his bended knee.

Lord Bateman's eye is upon him, and he quails.

VII.

Vot news, vot news, my proud young porter?

A pleasant condescension on the part of his lordship, showing that he recognized the stately youth, and no less stately pride of office, which characterized his follower, and that he was acquainted with the distinguishing appellation which he appears to have borne in the family.

VIII.

And broke his sword in splinters three.

Exemplifying, in a highly poetical and striking manner, the force of Lord Bateman's love, which he would seem to have kept strong as his "wow." We have beheld him patient in confinement, descending to no base murmurings against fortune, even when chained by the middle to a tree, with the prospect of ending his days in that ignominious and unpleasant position. He has borne all this and a great deal more, seven years and a fortnight have elapsed, and,

at last, on the mere mention of the fair young lady, he falls into a perfect frenzy, and breaks his sword, the faithful partner and companion of his glory, into three splinters. Antiquarians differ respecting the intent and meaning of this ceremony, which has been construed and interpreted in many different ways. The strong probability is that it was done "for luck;" and yet Lord Bateman should have been superior to the prejudices of the vulgar.

IX.

If so be as Sophia.

So called doubtless from the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, her father having professed the Mahomedan religion.

X.

Then up and spoke this young bride's mother,
Who never vos heerd to speak so free.

This is an exquisite touch of nature, which most married men, whether of

noble or plebeian blood, will quickly recognize. During the whole of her daughter's courtship, the good old lady had scarcely spoken, save by expressive smiles and looks of approval. But now that her object is gained, and her daughter fast married (as she thinks), she suddenly assumes quite a new tone, and "never vos heerd to speak so free." It would be difficult for poetry to comprehend anything more strictly true and life-like than this.

XI.

Vith both their hearts so full of glee.

If anything could add to the grace and beauty of the poem, it would be this most satisfactory and agreeable conclusion. At the time of the foreign lady's arrival on the shores of England, we find Lord Bateman in the disagreeable dilemma of having contracted another marriage; to which step his lordship has doubtless been impelled by

despair of ever recovering his lost Sophia, and a natural anxiety not to die without leaving an heir to his estate. The ceremony has been performed, the Church has done its office, the bride and her mamma have taken possession of the castle, when the lost Sophia suddenly presents herself. An ordinary man would have been overwhelmed by such a complication of perplexities—not so Lord Bateman. Master of the human heart, he appeals to feminine ambition and love of display; and, reminding the young lady that she came to him on a saddle horse (with her revered parent following no doubt on foot behind), offers to bestow upon her a coach and three. The young lady closes with the proposition; her august mother, having brought it about by her freedom of speech, makes no objection; Lord Bateman, being a nobleman of great power, and having plenty of superfluous wealth to bestow upon the Church, orders another marriage, and boldly de-

clares the first one to be a nullity. Thereupon "another marriage" is immediately prepared, and the piece closes with a picture of general happiness and hilarity.

THE BRITISH LION.

A New Song, but an Old Story.

Tune—*The Great Sea-Snake.*

Oh, p'raps you may have heard, and if not, I'll sing
Of the British Lion free,
That was constantly a-going for to make a spring
Upon his en—e—me;
But who, being rather groggy at the knees,
Broke down, always, before;
And generally gave a feeble wheeze
Instead of a loud roar.

Right toor rol, loor rol, fee faw fum,
The British Lion bold!
That was always a-going for to do great things,
And was always being "sold"!

He was carried about, in a carawan,
And was show'd in country parts,
And they said, "Walk up! Be in time! He can
Eat Corn-Law-Leagues like tarts!"
And his showmen, shouting there and then,
To puff him didn't fail;
And they said, as they peep'd into his den,
"Oh, don't he wag his tail!"

Now, the principal keeper of this poor old beast,
WAN HUMBUG was his name,
Would once every day stir him up—at least—
And wasn't that a game!
For he hadn't a tooth, and he hadn't a claw,
In that "struggle" so "sublime";
And, however sharp they touch'd him on the raw,
He couldn't come up to time.

And this, you will observe, was the reason why
WAN HUMBUG, on weak grounds,
Was forced to make believe that he heard his cry
In all unlikely sounds.
So, there wasn't a bleat from an Essex Calf,
Or a Duke, or a Lordling slim;
But he said, with a wery triumphant laugh,
"I'm blest if that ain't him."

At length, wery bald in his mane and tail,
This British Lion grow'd:
He pined and declined, and he satisfied
The last debt which he owed.
And when they came to examine the skin
It was a wonder sore,
To find that the an-i-mal within
Was nothing but a BOAR!

Right toor rol, loor rol, fee faw fum,
The British Lion bold!
That was always a-going for to do great things,
And was always being "sold"!

CATNACH.

"EXAMINER" SQUIBS.

THE
FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

NEW VERSION.

(*To be said or sung at all Conservative Dinners.*)

I'LL sing you a new ballad, and I'll warrant it first-rate,
Of the days of that old gentleman who had that old estate;
When they spent the public money at a bountiful old rate
On every mistress, pimp, and scamp, at every noble gate,
In the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

The good old laws were garnish'd well with gibbets, whips, and chains,

With fine old English penalties, and
fine old English pains,
With rebel heads, and seas of blood
once hot in rebel veins;
For all these things were requisite to
guard the rich old gains
Of the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

This brave old code, like Argus, had a
hundred watchful eyes,
And every English peasant had his good
old English spies,
To tempt his starving discontent with
fine old English lies,
Then call the good old Yeomanry to
stop his peevish cries,
In the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

The good old times for cutting throats
that cried out in their need,
The good old times for hunting men
who held their fathers' creed,
The good old times when William Pitt,
as all good men agreed,

Came down direct from Paradise at
more than railroad speed. . . .
Oh, the fine old English Tory times;
When will they come again!

In those rare days the Press was seldom
known to snarl or bark,
But sweetly sang of men in power, like
any tuneful lark;
Grave judges, too, to all their evil deeds
were in the dark;
And not a man in twenty score knew
how to make his mark.
Oh, the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

Those were the days for taxes, and for
war's infernal din;
For scarcity of bread, that fine old dow-
agers might win;
For shutting men of letters up, through
iron bars to grin,
Because they didn't think the Prince
was altogether thin,
In the fine old English Tory times;
Soon may they come again!

But Tolerance, though slow in flight, is
strong-wing'd in the main,
That night must come on these fine
days, in course of time, was plain;
The pure old spirit struggled, but its
struggles were in vain;
A nation's grip was on it, and it died in
choking pain,
With the fine old English Tory days,
All of the olden time.

The bright old day now dawns again;
the cry runs though the land,
In England there shall be dear bread,—
in Ireland, sword and brand;
And poverty and ignorance shall swell
the rich and grand.
So, rally round the rulers with the gen-
tle iron hand,
Of the fine old English Tory days;
Hail to the coming time!

THE QUACK DOCTOR'S PROCLAMATION.

TUNE—"*A Cobbler there was.*"

AN astonishing Doctor has just come to town,
Who will do all the faculty perfectly brown:
He knows all diseases, their causes, and ends;
And he 'begs to appeal to his medical friends.'

Tol de rol
Diddle doll:
Tol de rol, de dol,
Diddle doll
Tol de rol doll.

He's a magnetic Doctor, and knows how to keep
The whole of a Government snoring asleep

To popular clamours; till popular pins
Are stuck in their midriffs—and then he begins,

Tol de rol.

He's a *clairvoyant* subject, and readily reads
His countrymen's wishes, condition, and needs,
With many more fine things I can't tell in rhyme
—And he keeps both his eyes shut, the whole of the time.

Tol de rol.

You mustn't expect him to talk; but you'll take
Most particular notice the Doctor's awake,
Though for aught from his words or his looks that you reap, he
Might just as well be most confoundedly sleepy.

Tol de rol.

Homœopathy, too, he has practised for ages
(You'll find his prescriptions in Luke Hansard's pages);
Just giving his patient, when madden'd by pain,
Of Reform the ten thousandeth part of a grain.
Tol de rol.

He's a medicine for Ireland, in portable papers;
The infallible cure for political vapours;
A neat label round it his prentices tie—
'Put your trust in the Lord, and keep this powder dry!'
Tol de rol.

He's a corn-doctor also, of wonderful skill,
—No cutting, no rooting-up, purging, or pill,—
You're merely to take, 'stead of walking or riding,
The sweet schoolboy exercise—innocent sliding.
Tol de rol.

There's no advice gratis. If high ladies
send
His legitimate fee, he's their soft-spoken
friend.
At the great public counter with one
hand behind him
And one in his waistcoat, they're cer-
tain to find him.
Tol de rol.

He has only to add he's the real Doctor
Flam,
All others being purely fictitious and
sham;
The house is a large one, tall, slated,
and white,
With a lobby, and lights in the passage
at night.
Tol de rol:
Diddle doll:
Tol de rol, de dol,
Diddle doll
Tol de rol doll.

SUBJECTS FOR PAINTERS.

(AFTER PETER PINDAR.)

TO you, Sir Martin, and your co-R.A.'s,
I dedicate in meek, suggestive lays,
Some subjects for your academic palettes;
Hoping, by dint of these my scanty jobs,
To fill with novel thoughts your teeming nobs,
As though I beat them in with wooden mallets.

To you, MACLISE, who Eve's fair daughters paint
With Nature's hand, and want the maudlin taint
Of the sweet Chalon school of silk and ermine;
To you, E. LANDSEER, who from year to year

Delight in beasts and birds, and dogs and deer,
And seldom give us any human vermin :—

—To all who practise art, or make believe,
I offer subjects they may take or leave.

Great Sibthorp and his butler, in debate
(*dramatis amabo*) on affairs of state,
Not altogether "gone," but rather funny :
Cursing the Whigs for leaving in the lurch
Our [illegible] good, pleasant, gentlemanly Church.
Would make a picture—cheap at any money.

Mr Sibthorp as the Tory Sec :-at-War,
Encouraging his mates with loud "Yhor! Yhor!"
Those Treasury benches' most conspicuous end :

Or Sib's mustachios curling with a smile,
As an expectant Premier without guile,
Calls him his honourable and gallant friend.

Or Sibthorp travelling in foreign parts,
Through that rich portion of our Eastern charts
Where lies the land of popular tradition;
And fairly worshipp'd by the true devout
In all his comings-in and goings-out,
Because of the old Turkish superstition.

Fame with her trumpet, blowing very hard,
And making earth rich with celestial lard,
In puffing deeds done through Lord Chamberlain Howe;
While some few thousand persons of small gains,

Who give their charities without such pains,
Look up, much wondering what may be the row.

Behind them Joseph Hume, who turns his pate
To where great Marlborough House in princely state
Shelters a host of lacqueys, lords, and pages,
And says he knows of dowagers a crowd,
Who without trumpeting so very loud,
Would do as much, and more, for half the wages.

Limn, Sirs, the highest Lady in the land,
When Joseph Surface, fawning, cap in hand,
Delivers in his list of patriot-mortals;
Those gentlemen of honour, faith, and truth,
Who, foul-mouth'd, spat upon her maiden youth,
And dog-like did defile her palace portals.

Paint me the Tories, full of grief and woe,
Weeping (to voters) over Frost and Co.,
Their suffering, erring, much-enduring brothers;
And in the background don't forget to pack,
Each grinning ghastly from its bloody sack,
The heads of Thistlewood, Despard, and others.

Paint, squandering the Club's election gold,
Fierce lovers of our Constitution old,
Lords who're that sacred lady's greatest debtors;
Aud let the law, forbidding any voice
Or act of Peer to influence the choice
Of English people, flourish in bright letters.

Paint that same dear old lady, ill at ease,
Weak in her second childhood, hard to please,

Unknowing what she ails or what she
wishes;
With all her Carlton nephews at the
door,
Deafening both aunt and nurses with
their roar,
—Fighting already for the loaves and
fishes.

Leaving these hints for you to dwell
upon,
I shall presume to offer more, anon.

NOTES.

NOTES.

THE IVY GREEN. (Page 23.) From *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, edition 1836, p. 55.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. (Page 25.) From *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, edition 1836, p. 55.

THE BLACKSMITH. (Page 28.) From *All the Year Round*, April 30, 1859.

A WORD IN SEASON. (Page 30.) From *The Keepsake* for 1844. Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London: Longmans, pp. 73–74.

CHILD'S HYMN. (Page 33.) From *The Wreck of the Golden Mary*, the Christmas number of *Household Words* for 1856, p. 21.

THE HYMN OF THE WILTSHIRE

LABOURERS. (Page 35.) From *The Daily News*, Saturday, February 14, 1846.

PROLOGUE TO "THE LIGHTHOUSE." (Page 43.) "When Winstanley had brought his work to completion, he is said to have expressed himself so satisfied as to its strength, that he only wished he might be there in the fiercest storm that ever blew. In this wish he was not disappointed, although the result was entirely the reverse of the builder's anticipations. In November, 1703, Winstanley went off to the light-house to superintend some repairs which had become necessary. On the night of the 26th, a storm of unparalleled fury burst along the coast, in which the light-house and its builder were swept completely away."—Smiles's *Lives of the Engineers.*

PROLOGUE TO "THE PATRICIAN'S DAUGHTER." (Page 48.) Printed in *The Sunday Times*, December 11, 1842.

ROUND. (Page 57.)

The *Dramatis Personæ* of THE VILLAGE COQUETTES is as follows:

SQUIRE NORTON.

THE HON. SPARKINS FLAM (*his friend*).

OLD BENSON (*a small farmer*).

MR. MARTIN STOKES (*a very small farmer with a very large circle of particular friends*).

GEORGE EDMUNDS (*betrothed to Lucy*).

YOUNG BENSON.

JOHN MADDOX (*attached to Rose*).

LUCY BENSON.

ROSE (*her cousin*).

SONG. (Page 59.) Sung by *Lucy Benson.*

SONG. (Page 60.) Sung by *Squire Norton.*

SONG. (Page 62.) Sung by *George Edmunds.*

SONG. (Page 64.) Sung by *Rose.*

DUET. (Page 65.) Sung by *Rose* and *Sparkins Flam.*

SONG. (Page 67.) Sung by *Squire Norton.*

DUET. (Page 69.) Sung by *Lucy Benson* and *Squire Norton.*

SESTETTE AND CHORUS. (Page 71.) Sung by *Lucy Benson, Rose, Squire Norton, Sparkins Flam, Young Benson,* and CHORUS.

QUARTETTE. (Page 75.) Sung by *Lucy Benson, Rose, Squire Norton,* and *Young Benson.*

SONG. (Page 78.) Sung by *Squire Norton.*

SONG. (Page 80.) Sung by *Young Benson.*

DUET. (Page 81.) Sung by *Squire Norton* and *George Edmunds.*

SONG. (Page 83.) Sung by *Lucy Benson.*

ROMANCE. (Page 89.) Sung by Mr. Samuel Weller, *Posthumous Papers of The Pickwick Club*, 1837, p. 464, and introduced as follows: —"We would beg to call particular attention to the monosyllable at the end of the second and fourth lines, which not only enables the singer to take breath at those points, but greatly assists the metre."

THE BRITISH LION. (Page 114.) From *The Daily News*, Saturday, January 24, 1846.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN. (Page 121.) From *The Examiner*, August 7, 1841, p. 500.

THE QUACK DOCTOR'S PROCLAMATION. (Page 125.) From *The*

Examiner, Saturday, August 14, 1841, p. 517.

SUBJECTS FOR PAINTERS. (Page 129.) From *The Examiner*, Saturday, August 21, 1841, p. 532.

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